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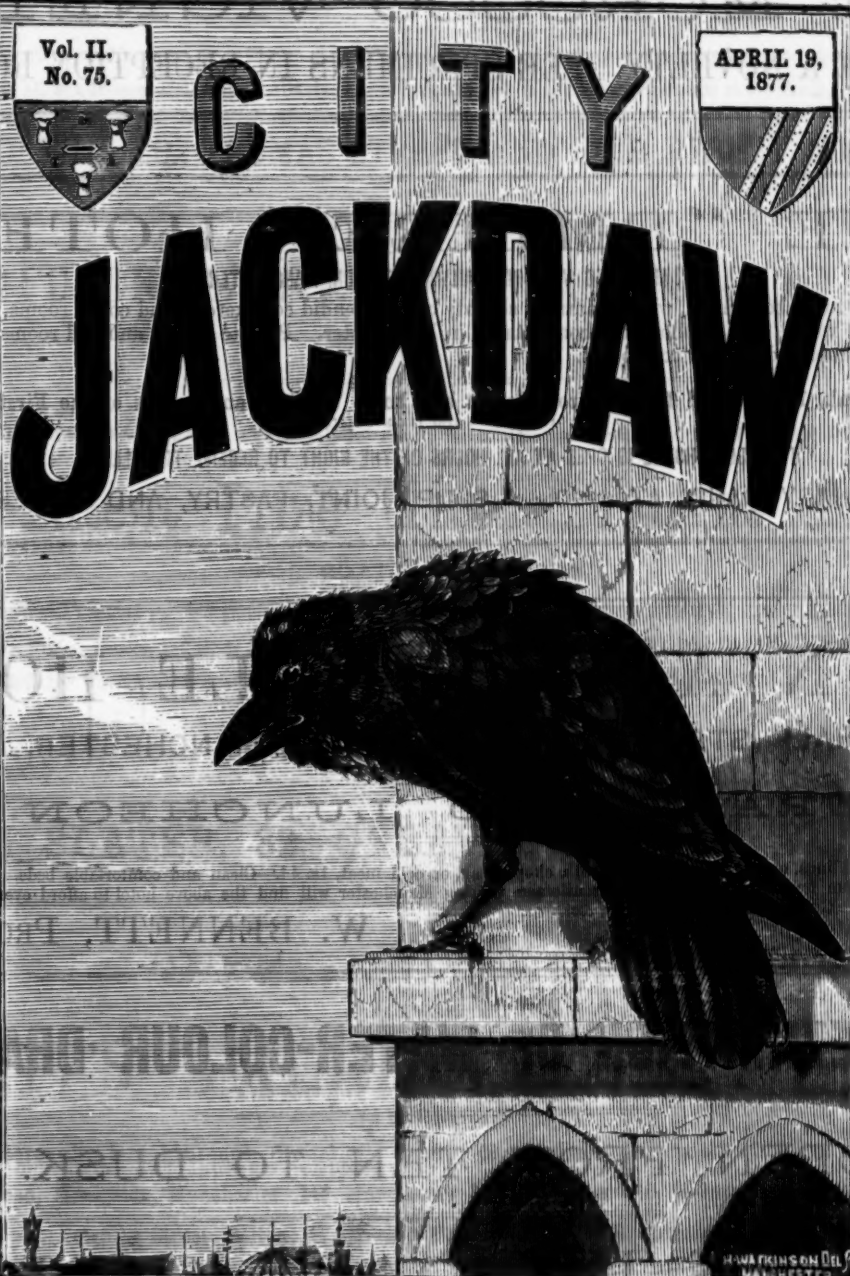
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Publishing Office, Market Street Chambers, 73a, Market Street.

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## THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE.

R. BANKS, of 73a, Market Street, and 73, Alexandra Road,

HAS JUST INTRODUCED INTO HIS STUDIO

## THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE,

QUITE A NOVELTY. SEE SPECIMENS IN RECEPTION ROOM.

## THE "EMPIRE" HOTEL,

ADJOINING VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION, MANCHESTER.

Visitors will find above hotel, which contains seventy beds, splendid commercial and coffee rooms, large bar and billiard room, one of the most comfortable in Manchester. Private sitting and bed rooms en suite. Twelve fireproof and other stock rooms.

Chop or Steak, 1s. 6d.; and Dinners from 2s., at any hour. Wines and Spirits of the First Quality.

ALL CHARGES STRICTLY MODERATE.

THE ABOVE HOTEL IS OPEN AT ALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT TO RECEIVE TRAVELLERS.

AN ORDINARY DAILY AT 1-20. SOUP, JOINT, PASTRY, AND CHEESE, 1/6.

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Dinners—soups, joint, puddings, or tart, 1s. 6d. Tea—with chop, steak, or cold meat, 1s. 4d. Clean and comfortable beds. Billiard, smoke, and coffee rooms. Private room for ladies. Commercial gentlemen visiting Manchester will find the above hotel to afford every accommodation at strictly moderate charges. Choice wines, spirits, cigars, &c.

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If you would secure COMFORT AT HOME IN ALL WEATHERS, be sure to apply none other than

**Slater's Patent Prize Medal Draught Excluder,**  
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As shown Cheetham Hill and Pomona Palace Exhibitions. Dust Scratches and Spoils Furniture, Oil Cloths, and Tiles. This Apparatus lifts  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch, clearing Carpets or Uneven Floors, and shuts down quite weather tight ; it is self-acting, durable, and cheap ; can be applied to any door in a few minutes, and (IMPORTANT TO TENANTS) can be removed as quickly, without injury to door or framework.

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Bury ; and 12, Bury New Road, Strangeways, Manchester ;

Where the **FINEST OX BEEF** and **MUTTON** will be sold at very reasonable prices.

A great saving will be effected. Note the addresses. One trial solicited.



The Lecture Session of the Manchester Church Committee

WILL BE BROUGHT TO A CLOSE BY A

## SOCIAL CONVERSAZIONE

WHICH WILL BE HELD IN THE

MEMORIAL HALL, ALBERT SQUARE,

ON

Monday Evening, the 23rd of April, 1877.

The Doors will be Opened at 7 o'clock, and at 8 o'clock a PAPER will be read by

**WILLIAM GOULDTHORP, ESQ.**

(BARRISTER-AT-LAW), ON

"THE LIFE AND GENIUS OF MOZART,"

*With Vocal and Instrumental Illustrations.*

THE CHAIR WILL BE TAKEN BY THE HON. & REV. THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

During the Evening JAMES DAWSON, Esq., will give one of his  
admired "Bab Ballad" Readings.

There will be a Collection of Paintings, Drawings, Engravings,

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A REFRESHMENT BUFFET AND CLOAK ROOMS WILL BE PROVIDED.

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#### VOCALISTS:

Madame ROVINA ARNOLD, Miss FANNY BRISTOW, Miss BEAUMONT, Miss SMITH,  
Mr. NATHANIEL DUMVILLE, Mr. YATES, Mr. LLOYD, Mr. ROBERDS, Mr.  
WHITTAKER.

#### INSTRUMENTALISTS:

Mr. OTTO BERNHARDT, Mr. TAYLOR, Mr. L. GOODWIN, Mr. SMITH.

PIANOFORTE . . . . . Mr. C. J. HALL.

During the Reading of the Paper the following Illustrations will be introduced:—

QUINTET—Strings. PLACIDAS E IL MAR—Solo and Chorus, from *Idomeneo*. ALLEGRO—  
Strings. MINUET—Strings. SOLO—Strings. AVE VERUM—Full Choir. MOTETT—Dous,  
Zibi, Lano—Full Choir. BENEDICTUS—No. 12 Mass—Full Choir. FINALE—Figaro.

Single Tickets, 1s. 6d.; Double (admitting Lady and Gentleman), 2s. 6d.

Church Committee Offices, 19, Mount Street, Manchester.  
April 18th, 1877.

# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 75.

MANCHESTER: THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

**T**HE *Jackdaw* made a mistake last week. There is a billiard-room attached to the new Church Club, containing a table of the best make. This we have on authority, though the gentleman who drew up the prospectus was too modest to mention it.

The following extract from a Tory paper gives a very clear indication of the present tendency of Conservative politics, just as straws show which way the wind blows:—

"Whether the impending war will spread in such a manner as to necessitate active interference on our part remains to be seen. If the honour and interests of Great Britain are threatened, the Government will defend them, but, if not, they will keep aloof from the strife."

It is evident that our precious Government, not satisfied with its magnificent "efforts in favour of peace," intends to commit us to a repetition or imitation of the Crimean policy.

WHATEVER may be the issue of the election in Salford, the Tories must be congratulated on having selected a candidate who in his own person, and in every way, has fought the contest like a thorough gentleman. The vulgar insinuations of Mr. Charley, and the fluent abuse of a Tory journal and its coadjutors, have doubtless hurt Colonel Walker's cause considerably; but if we read Colonel Walker aright, he is thoroughly ashamed of his allies, whose tactics presented such a marked contrast to his own. The sudden collapse of Mr. Charley in the thick of the fight was a significant sign. Whatever betides, Mr. Walker will come out of the election with credit to himself, and undefiled by his enforced contact with dubious company.

MISS KATE PATTISON, the young lady who made her first appearance as a professional actress on the occasion of the Compton benefit at our Theatre Royal, is thus mentioned by the dramatic critic of a London contemporary. The play was Massinger's "New Way to Pay Old Debts":—

"The part of Margaret is performed by Miss Kate Pattison, a young actress, who is likely to prove an acquisition to the London stage. Miss Pattison has a good face and a pleasing and manageable voice. If she has something to learn, she has, happily, no bad habits to unlearn, which is in itself a considerable recommendation. A better notion, however, of Miss Pattison's powers will be obtainable when use has enabled her to be less conscious of the presence of her audience."

Our prediction with regard to Miss Pattison's success, made a few weeks since, seems in a fair way to be realised.

FROM a column of "local notes and queries" in the *Preston Guardian*, we clip the following:—

"**QUERY.—THE ORDER OF HICCOBITES.**—In the *Manchester Mercury* for July, 1754, I came across this momentous announcement:—'Notice is hereby given, that the annual meeting of the ancient and most magnificent Order of Hiccobites will be held on Thursday, the 14th day of next 1754, at the house of Mr. Michael Whitlock, the Deansgate Coffee-house, in Deansgate, Manchester, in Lancashire, when all brothers are desired to attend.' What are (or were) Hiccobites? I have heard enough of Jacobites and Rechabites, but plead entire ignorance as to the distinctive tenets, objects, or history of the 'most magnificent Order of Hiccobites.'—H. S. Junr."

The name certainly has a sound suggestive of conviviality. Perhaps some of our readers can throw some light upon the question.

SUPPOSING we were to insert a letter saying that Mr. Walker was once on a time picking oakum in Bury gaol, and that therefore he is not a fit and proper person to represent Salford in Parliament, it would be, of course, considered an electioneering dodge, but not a very gentlemanly trick. There are plenty of persons of that name, and such a letter might be inadvertently inserted under an impression that the facts might be true. There are at least two gentlemen of the name of Kay, each writing Q.C. after his name, and a correspondent of the *Courier* tried to convict the Liberal candidate of lying and deceit by elaborately stating that he was not ill at all, but practising daily in a London law court. This was a transparent dodge, but was it gentlemanly? or was it even politic? The *Courier*, we suppose, knows its own business best.

THE *Jackdaw* learns from a correspondent in Moscow that a curious story is current in Russian society with reference to the Czar's apparent unwillingness to go to war. It is said that his Majesty is of a very superstitious turn of mind, and that he was warned by a "wise woman," or fortune-teller (the belief in whom is common in Russia), that his death would take place immediately after the next war in which Russia should engage. The story may be tittle-tattle, but one who knows the Russians well says that there is no *prima facie* reason for rejecting it as absurd. A superstitious fear of the sort would be more likely to influence the Emperor Alexander, or indeed any other Russian, than a mere humanitarian sentiment or political scruple.

A RETURN of the persons sentenced to death for murder in England and Wales in the years 1873-76 is given in a Parliamentary paper just issued. In 1873 eighteen persons were sentenced to death, and eleven were executed, two of whom were women. In 1874 the number sentenced to death was twenty-five, of whom sixteen were executed, two of them being women. In 1875 the capital sentences pronounced were thirty-three, and the number of persons executed eighteen, one of whom was a woman. In 1876 thirty-two persons were sentenced to death, and twenty-two executed. The total number of persons sentenced to death in the four years was one hundred and eight, and the number executed sixty-seven, five of whom were women. So that not only is brutal crime presumably increasing, but by these statistics the criminal is encouraged in his efforts by the reflection that the betting is about even that he gets off anyhow.

SOME busybodies have been bothering themselves to ascertain what was the meaning of a dramatic episode which appeared in the *Jackdaw* a week or two ago, called, "The Postponed Wedding; or, the Drowsy Priest." Many people seem to think that it had some deep and hidden meaning. We can assure them that it had no reference to the Queen's refusal to visit Manchester, to the first of April falling on a Sunday, to the forthcoming election for Salford, to the Rev. J. A. Gardiner, to the Eastern crisis, to the state of the weather, or to anything else in particular. We have a young man who does those sort of things allegorically, and goes away for weeks at a time without leaving the key to his work behind him. He has written to us to say that the allusion to a fashionable church near Grosvenor Square was a purely accidental one. At the same time he protests at having his allegorical powers shackled in this way. "Why," he says, "if I had said Bexley Square some one would have thought that I meant——" He says, also, that he didn't mean anybody, or that if he did mean anybody or anything (which we doubt), none of the guesses made have been anywhere near what he meant.

**KNITTING MACHINES, BICYCLES, SEWING MACHINES**, exchanged if not approved. GREATEST REDUCTION FOR CASH. 2s. 6d. per week. W. HARRISON, 129, Portland Street, Manchester.

E. Jamieson & Co., Fashionable Tailors, Clearance Sale } Preparatory to Removing to their New Premises } Genuine Reduction. 275, Chapel St., Salford.  
301 and 303, CHAPEL STREET.

## GOOD BEER FOR THE MILLION!

THE scheme is published of a grand coffee-house to be established in Manchester, on the principle of those inaugurated in Liverpool, to which it is expected that the working-classes will throng, instead of frequenting public-houses. Skittles, billiards, and other amusements are held forth as attractions, but neither beer nor spirits are to be sold to the frequenters, who it is expected will be satisfied with good tea and coffee, lemonade, etc., provided at a cheap rate. It may be that this will satisfy some people, but we scarcely think the thing will ever be found to pay. In the first place, the plan seems to start from a wrong basis—which is, that persons in search of amusement are always thirsty. We believe that a house of this kind would be just as likely to pay without the tea and coffee as with them. These are not drinks which commend themselves to men, whether thirsty or otherwise; and even could the taste for them be cultivated, a new form of “drinking” might arise which would be almost as injurious as that now in vogue. But we do not think that people who are thirsty will ever be induced, as a rule, to quench their thirst with tea or coffee. It would be far more reasonable and less expensive to allow no drink on the premises but pure water. There would be some logic in that. There is another scheme, however, which is still simpler, and which no one has ever thought of propounding, as far as we are aware, and that is to establish a house of this kind in which good wholesome beer shall be sold as cheaply as possible, but at a price which shall pay. Honest beer has been slandered very much of late years; all sorts of villainous properties have been attributed to it, and it has got a bad name. Why is this? For the simple reason that there is hardly any good beer to be got anywhere. Beer has come to be the synonym of everything that is bad in the way of alcoholic liquor. It has been made answerable for all sorts of strange sins, and no champion has ever been found to vindicate it. We propose to attempt the task. Good beer then, we maintain, is a very excellent thing, in spite of Dr. Richardson or any other authority. Taken in excess it is of course bad, just as bread or meat or cheese would be; but in the abstract, and speaking broadly, it may be described as not only harmless, but healthful. The same cannot, we fear, be said of spirits, though doubtless spirits are seldom to be obtained in an unsophisticated condition. As to wines, nothing need be said at all, because there are no pure wines to be got in England which are within the reach of those with moderate incomes. In order to observe the different effects of beer and spirits upon those who drink them it is only necessary to make a comparison between a beer-drinking and spirit-drinking county in England. Wiltshire or Somersetshire might be taken as an example in the one case, and no better example could be found than Lancashire in the other. The labouring man in Somersetshire, say, may occasionally take too much beer, though he seldom does so; but his potations do not drive him mad, they only make him sleepy for the time, and he has a headache in the morning. The Lancashire man gets crazy with spirits (probably bad spirits), and so far from being sleepy kicks his wife and children, or half murders a policeman. The ways of publicans are mysterious, and similar results may follow from drinking doctored beer, but they never will from good beer. It is from drinking spirits (we may say good or bad, for the sake of argument) that all the worst evils of intemperance flow. As to good beer, we maintain that it is an innocent, pleasant, and wholesome beverage; and we only wish all people could get it, and know the virtues of it. Unfortunately, and especially for the North of England, where intemperance is most rampant, good beer cannot be got. It is a drink utterly unknown. What the reason of this is it were almost useless to inquire. The secret rests with the trade. Perhaps there is more profit on selling spirits than beer. It is certain that good beer is the enemy of drunkenness, but so it is that failing good beer people take to swallowing spirits. An extensive acquaintance with the public-houses of Manchester and Salford leads us

to assert that out of the large number of houses of that kind it would not be possible to pick a dozen where really a good glass of beer can be had for any price. There are one or two exceptions in town, and there are of course more in the country, where less sophisticated habits prevail; but these exceptions are enough to prove that there is such a thing manufactured as good beer, and that it is possible to retail it in good condition. The plain fact is, that it is not in the interest of the publican to sell it. He either buys bad beer to begin with (for there is bad beer brewed), or he buys good beer and drugs and doctors it. Those of us who can afford to keep a cask in the cellar know that there are honest brewers of honest beer, and the glass we take at home does us no harm. It is the bad beer and spirits in the public-house that are killing. Why, then, since good beer is healthy, and can be had, should not a house be established which should dispense that to thirsty souls instead of aleps? That would be a capital way of fighting against intemperance; but we don't believe in coffee or tea any more than in spirits. Our ancestors drank good beer, and were healthy; why should not we? One word more. Would Mr. Kay vote for applying the clauses of the Adulteration Act more stringently to publicans?

## FOGIE PAPERS.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

## ON A NEW HAT.

A WEEK or two ago I discoursed on my old hat, and the advantages connected with the possession and use of that headpiece, and I am not now going to change my tune. I still wear that ancient tile, and shall continue to wear it should convenience serve, especially as by reason of its shabbiness it saves me the trouble of carrying an umbrella, a fact to which I forgot to allude in the former article. I am, however, about to get a new hat, and somebody else is going to pay for it, on which condition I would not object to wear a new hat very often. The fact is that somebody has bet me a new hat on the Salford election, and on the return of Mr. O. O. Walker, the Tory candidate, and I feel as if that hat were already in my possession. The hat will be visible to the naked eye on Friday, with the head of the Old Fogie beneath it. In the meantime the eye of faith contemplates it, and gloats over it. I am examining the display in all the shop windows of the hatters, and trying to make up my mind what sort of hat it shall be. I am thinking of regulating the proportions of it according to the bigness of the majority by which my candidate—the Liberal candidate, Mr. Joseph Kay, Q.C.—is returned; but I fear that in that case nothing short of a chimney-pot would serve, and I hate chimney-pots. Who was it, I wonder, who invented those abominations which disfigure every town in Europe with their hideousness? I consider that man is more deserving of the reprobation of the human race than Judas Iscariot or Guy Faux. This, however, is immaterial, and I will now, if you please, return to my hat. I fear that it will have to be a chimney-pot, for, from all that I can gather, the majority is sure to be a large one. So great are these probabilities that I could not get a bet on even at all. No Conservative could be found willing to wager a new hat on Mr. Walker's simple return; no, they either wanted six to four, which would be ridiculous in connection with hats, or else they would bet about the majority. At last, after some haggling, I had the following document drawn up and signed:—

O. FOGIE, ESQ., BETS A NEW HAT THAT KAY IS ELECTED BY 250 MAJORITY.

And now all I have got to do is to wait patiently for my new hat till I get it. I am sure to get it, because I made the bet with a gentleman whom I am sure to see at least once a day, after the election. Need I say that that gentleman is a licensed victualler. When I go for my morning beer on Friday I shall find him rueful, and I shall demand my hat before I pay for my potation. It will delight me to get a hat out of a licensed victualler on such an issue. I do not care so much about the hat as

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND GENTLEMEN WANTED

to have their Boots Soled and Heeled from the Best Sole Leather, for 2s. 6d. per pair. Why pay 5s. or 4s.? Set of Elastics 1s. at 4 Birmingham-st. London.



about the victory of principle involved; and, supposing the majority to be less than the stipulated number, I would throw my old hat up with joy that the right man had got in, and wear it contentedly ever after. My opponent would not be able to triumph over me either, because every time I saw him in the hat which I had paid for I could chaff him, and say, "Yah! who got in for Salford?" But that will never be. There are times when a man's soul is full of prophetic instinct, and this is one of those occasions; and I wish I was as sure of—but I will not allow my elation to lead me into what some people would call profanity. I will go into poetic ecstasy instead.

I SHALL have a new hat, I shall have a new hat,  
I am perfectly sure and persuaded of that;  
For I am not oppressed by a shadow of doubt  
That our Kay will be first when the numbers come out.

I shall have a new tile, I shall have a new tile,  
In the place of my old one all battered and vile;  
And my bosom will manfully swell with the sense  
That I've got a new hat at the Tories' expense.

I shall now proceed to —

\* No, you won't.—Ed.

### POPE HORNBY AND THE CHURCH ORGAN.

MR. JACOB BRIGHT, M.P. for Manchester, has been getting it hot in the columns of the *Courier*. This journal does not do all its abuse on its own premises, but occasionally gets valuable assistance from persons not connected with the Press. The present assistant is Canon Hornby, of Bury, commonly called Pope Hornby. This sturdy and strong-voiced champion of Conservatism has written a letter to Mr. Jacob Bright, which he has sent to the *Courier*. Among other things he says:—

"These are the common tactics of the Liberationists and politicians of your stamp. They are scarcely creditable ones; and conscientious Radicals, I am sure, prefer the truth. . . . But there can be no argument as to this—that to state what is not the fact, to ignore the contradiction, and to repeat the statement as that of somebody else than yourself, may appear very clever, but it is simply unscrupulous, dishonest, and mean."

The statement referred to as being made by Mr. Bright it is not necessary to mention here, as it has nothing to do with the fact of a clergyman writing a letter, the tone of which is that of a blackguard. Perhaps it would be wrong to expect anything much better from Mr. Pope Hornby, but one would hardly expect a respectable newspaper to publish such a production, even as an electioneering dodge. The editor of the *Courier*, however, and Canon Hornby are evidently tarred with the same stick; they are *Arcades ambo*—gentlemen both. The writer of a short leader on this letter makes the following remarks:—

"Much as we disapprove of the use of strong language in the discussion of matters of general interest, we fail to perceive that any fault can be found with Canon Hornby for denouncing Mr. Jacob Bright's conduct in the matter as 'simply unscrupulous, dishonest, and mean.' It is deeply to be regretted that members of Parliament, ministers of religion, and other persons occupying positions of public trust and responsibility, should occasionally allow their feelings of rancour against the Church so far to get the better of them. The instances of absolute falsehood deliberately circulated, and, even after complete refutation, reiterated by Liberationists, have of late become so numerous and so wanton as to constitute a serious public scandal."

The last part of this article reads very much like Satan reproving sin. We are glad to know, however, that the editor of the *Courier* disapproves of the use of strong language. This is valuable information; but how the—well, how on earth does it manage to creep into his columns every day, we should like to know. Why, though we thoroughly approve of strong language in certain cases, it is as much as ever we can do to keep our pages free from it.!

## SALFORD ELECTION!

### GRAND PREMIUM GIFT

To the readers of the *Jackdaw*.

## AN ELECTION MEMORIAL

For every home at the smallest of costs.

ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS' WORTH FOR EIGHTEENPENCE!

## THE "JACKDAW" PUBLISHING CO.,

Established for the distribution of genuine Wit and Humour,  
by the most eminent masters.

OFFICES—MARKET STREET CHAMBERS, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

The Proprietors, having concluded their arrangements, will issue to the subscribers of this paper the following productions printed in eighteen colours. The pictures can hardly be detected from the finest oil paintings.

Colours are always pleasing to the eye. Prints are now at a discount.

The proprietors having the exclusive right, will, on the day after the poll, issue to the public, at less than cost of publication, a limited number of genuine Copyright Oleographs, printed in eighteen colours. They are far superior to anything of the kind ever before offered.

The object of the proprietors is to give a straight tip to their readers at a small cost, and to cultivate a taste for Honest Politics, and by this means to displace coarsely executed pretension, and cheap and worthless imposture.

The first issue will be a magnificent oleograph, entitled

### "THE REJECTED,"

In eighteen colours, price one shilling and sixpence, or free by post, carefully packed, one shilling and eightpence. The picture is a natural conception. The subject consists of a handsome colonel of volunteers taking a single journey ticket for Bury, and saying "adieu" with a mournful smile to a number of crestfallen friends, who from their attitude and behaviour are evidently trying to make the best of a bad job.

The companion picture to the above is entitled

### "THE TOP OF THE POLL,"

In eighteen colours, price one shilling and sixpence, or free by post one shilling and eightpence. This picture represents a gentleman in an easy chair in his bedroom, evidently recovering from a severe illness. Several breathless friends have just rushed in, by permission of the medical man, to congratulate him on his return for Salford. The contented happy innocent look of the convalescent is in the first style of art.

Either of the above pictures will be sent post-free on receipt of post-office order, or stamps value one shilling and eightpence, or the pair can be had at the reduced price of two shillings and tenpence.

No picture will be sent unless the coupon below is enclosed with order under one hundred guineas.

No. 533. PRIZE COUPON.

### "THE REJECTED."

FOR THE "CITY JACKDAW" PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
Market Street Chambers, Market Street, Manchester.

No. 534. PRIZE COUPON.

### "THE TOP OF THE POLL."

FOR THE "CITY JACKDAW" PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
Market Street Chambers, Market Street, Manchester.

The public are requested to notice that all hints issued by the proprietors are direct tips, and are not spurious imitations that have lately been foisted upon the public. All letters to be addressed and post-office orders made payable to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, 73A, Market Street, Manchester.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

All persons subscribing to the *City Jackdaw* will be entitled to receive the latest information on social and other topics, together with jocular remarks and illustrations of the best description to be had in Manchester and Salford.

**LAIRITZ'S FIR WOOL OIL.**—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER testifies to its great efficacy. PHILADELPHIA and Eight other Prize Medals awarded. Certain cure for Rheumatism, Tic, Neuralgia, etc. Sold by L. BEAVER, 37, Cross Street, Manchester, and all chemists, in bottles from 1s. 1½d. upwards.



## AMUSEMENTS.

## MAY-DAY AT MANLEY PARK.

GRAND JUVENILE FETE AND FLORAL FESTIVAL.  
MONSTER MAY POLE.  
PROCESSION AND MAY-POLE DANCES.  
CROWNING OF THE MAY QUEEN.  
THE RAISING OF THE MAY POLE.  
JACK IN THE GREEN.  
TROUPE OF MORRIS DANCERS,  
OLD ENGLISH SPORTS.  
MAY-DAY GAMES AND PASTIMES.  
MILITARY BANDS.

MAY-DAY AT THE MODEL FARM.  
GRAND PARADE OF HORSES.  
SIXTY POUNDS WILL BE GIVEN IN PRIZES.  
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**BLACK AND WHITE.**

Arranged by W. E. HAMER,  
IS NOW OPEN AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION,  
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Hours: 10 to 5. Admission, 1s.; Season Tickets, 2s. 6d.; Catalogues, 6d.

## WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT in the opinion of Canon Hornby, of Bury, David, when he wrote "The hearts of men are deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," must have been speaking prophetically—of the Radicals.

That Mr. Charley has received such a dressing for what he said about Mr. Kay, that he has given up Jo-Kay-ing.

That people are beginning to make inquiries about his law books—and there is a prospect of their reaching another edition.

That he is going to have "lawyer" painted on his back, so that the solicitors shall not make a mistake about him when they've got any briefs to spare.

That nobody knows when Mr. Watson got his title of "Member of the Queen's Body-guards."

That a Radical councillor was heard to mutter, "For body, read—"

## IS MR. CHARLEY, M.P., A LAWYER?

SCENE.—Professor Maclure's Academy. The Learned Professor cogitating.

Professor Maclure. Well, I must say I've had some doubts upon it myself. But many men say they are what they are not—because it pays. Take myself, for instance, I call myself a consistent Conservative. Of course, I know what I am as well as anybody else—because, as I said before, it pays. But if Master Charley turns up I'll really inquire, to satisfy my Liberal friends, whether he is really a lawyer or not.

A Voice [from without]. Can I come in?

Professor Maclure. What are you?

A Voice. I'm Charley, M.P., the lawyer.

Professor Maclure. Just the very man I want. [Enter Mr. CHARLEY with his head shaved.] God help us! what have you been doing?

Mr. Charley. I've had my head shaved by a barber, and he says—

Professor Maclure. For goodness' sake! what does he say?

Mr. Charley. He says it's undoubtedly an M.P. head.

Professor Maclure. Just what I said from the first. Well, now, just let me examine your bumps to see whether or not you're a lawyer. Ah, veneration—except for self—very little; bumptiousness, extraordinary; combativeness, tremendous; language, wild.

Mr. Charley. Well, what does that show?

Professor Maclure. That you'd have made a better costermonger than a lawyer.

Mr. Charley. Why?

Professor Maclure. You're sure you won't be vexed if I tell you?

Mr. Charley. Upon my honour, I won't.

Professor Maclure. Because you'd have made more money. Fee-fi-fum, I smell a Radical voter from Salford coming upstairs. Let's dissemble. Where's your canvassing-book? [Curtain.]

## THE BISHOP IN THE PANTRY!

WE always gave the Bishop credit for being one of the most generous men living, but we are sad to say that our feelings in that respect have been greatly blunted. A day or two ago, the Bishop presided at a cookery lecture, and, as usual, his remarks were of a most interesting character. He is no gourmand, he says, but he objects to the twelve-course dinners to which he is invited, where he gets nothing but "kick-shaws." He declares he cannot fill his stomach on such delicacies; and we suppose he deplures the loss of those glorious days in his country parsonage in Berkshire, where mutton and turnips formed the staple food of the embryo Bishop. We sympathise with him, and have long

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had a suspicion that the magnificent *physique* which he exhibits to the world was never kept up by kickshaws, and the dinners *à la Russe* to which he is invited at the rate of at least seven a week, including Sundays. The Bishop has settled all doubts about the matter. He says he sometimes is so hungry when he gets home from these dinners that he goes straight to the pantry and helps himself! It is a pity he has not been more explicit and let us know *what* he helps himself to. Fancy what the cook's feelings must be if the Bishop attacks the cold meat which she has made up her mind was a perquisite; and, ye gods, fancy what must be the feelings underneath the blue coat and brass buttons of the constable on duty in the neighbourhood of the Bishop's Palace, when he arrives at his lordship's back-door, and learns from the cook that there is nothing left for him to-night as his lordship has cleared out the larder. Most generous of bishops, remember that cooks and policemen have appetites as well as lords spiritual.

## MOODY MOMENTS.

[BY A HYPOCHONDRIAC.]

ALAS! I am a hapless wight;  
I'm in a doleful way to-night.  
Why should I feel in such a mood,  
Whenever I partake of food?  
What can it be? I have it—stay!  
I ate some pork and greens to-day;  
When I was young, and in my teens,  
I took no harm from pork and greens.

But now, alas! what pangs are mine,  
When I partake of flesh of swine!  
The appetite of youth remains—  
It's satisfaction causeth pains.  
Moreover, pastry, too, I had;  
I used to like it when a lad;  
I like it now—the thought is sweet,  
What lots of pastry I could eat!

And then—and then I had some cheese;  
Ah, me! ah, me! what pangs are these?  
I thought that it would help the rest,  
As gossips tell us, to digest.  
'Twas only just the smallest bit,  
And yet I feel the worse for it;  
When I was young, and health was sound,  
I often ate a half a pound.

Alas, for youth! I now begin  
To feel a monitor within—  
A monitor I do not heed,  
And now I'm very ill indeed.  
'Tis very hard that youth should be  
So different, from age, with me;  
I groan once more—then hold my tongue—  
Those happy days when I was young!

## THE INTERMENT OF MR. RICHARD HAWORTH.

WE have had a peep into the *Manchester Examiner and Times* for the 25th April, 19—, and we quote the following extraordinary passage from it:—

"INTERMENT OF MR. RICHARD HAWORTH.—Yesterday the remains of this distinguished citizen were interred at Kersal Moor Churchyard in accordance with the provisions of the Burials Act of 1877, and the occasion drew a large concourse of people, who were anxious to see whether any service would be said over the grave. Notwithstanding that the deceased was one of the most shining ornaments of the Conservative party in Manchester and Salford, and was as closely allied to the Church party as a Wesleyan could be, no service was read over the grave. It is understood

that the Bishop would have permitted a service to have been read, but respect was paid to the well-known feelings of the deceased, who cherished a mortal antipathy to the idea of a burial service being read over Non-conformists and Dissenters, or of their being buried in the parish churchyards alongside of the chosen members of the Church of England. The clerk, who afterwards helped to fill in the grave, murmured somewhat at being deprived of the fees attached to the service, and moralised on the fact of a Christian gentleman being buried with no more ceremony than that which accompanied the interment of a dog."

On the 26th of April in the same year appeared the following letter:—

"To the Editor of the *Manchester Examiner*."

"Dear Sir,—I am sorry to see that a most wretched hoax was played upon you yesterday—in regard to my interment. You will be glad to hear that I have thrown over the Wesleyan body, and have arranged with the Bishop and J. W. Maclure that when I am called to rest with my fathers I shall be placed in consecrated ground, away from the pollution of those with whom I was brought up, and o'er my ashes will be read in full the burial service of the State Church.—Yours in this life, though I'm too good a man to meet either you or Mr. J. W. Maclure in the next,  
"R. HAWORTH."

## THE CHIEF JUSTICESHIP OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

[FREELY TRANSLATED.]

SCENE.—*Cannibal Islands. Two Natives conversing.*

First Native. Yah, here's news! We are to have a new chief justice—Mr. Charley.

Second Native. Oh, golly, will he be good to eat?

First Native. Oh, no.

Second Native. Why?

First Native. 'Cos he's a lawyer. He's been swallowed up many times, but big folks who swallowed him, like the whale and Jonah, have been glad to pitch him up.

Second Native. Why?

First Native. 'Cos he's no good—except for making a noise.

Second Native. Didn't you say he was a lawyer?

First Native. Never said such a thing.

Second Native. But don't he say he's a lawyer?

First Native. Of course, he does. And he takes his fees, too—when he can get 'em. Yah! yah!

## WHERE'S YOUR CARD, SIR?

WE understand, with the view to the identity of members, and the prevention of any one going on 'Change who is not a member, the following rules have been drawn up:—

- 1.—That members shall always carry their cards in their waistcoat pockets, so that the commissionaires may have access to them when they like.
- 2.—That members shall touch their hats to the men at the doors on entering the Exchange, and immediately report themselves to the master.
- 3.—That no one shall leave 'Change, no matter how important the business may be, without the consent of the master.
- 4.—That any one taking an order without the master's approval shall be reported to the directors.
- 5.—That any one writing to the papers, stating that the master is bombastic, shall not be believed in by the rest of the men on 'Change.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

## MR. CHARLEY'S LAW-BOOKS.

OUR curiosity has been somewhat pricked by the statement that Mr. Charley is an author, and we have communicated with his publishers on the subject. We find that the following is a complete list of the productions of the learned gentleman, none of which are out of print:

"THE LEGAL STATUS OF AN INFANT," with hints on how to treat one suffering from dry rot inherited from Tory parents.

"THE LAW AS RELATING TO ROBBERY FROM THE PERSON," with hints on how to take away another man's character without damaging one's own.

"THE LAW AS AFFECTS BOARDS OF DIRECTORS OF MILK COMPANIES, AND THEIR SPECIFIC GRAVITY"—when they hear that the pump is a necessary appendage to a dairy.

## AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE.

THE following questions have been severally submitted to each candidate by that powerful body the licensed victuallers:—

"Are you in favour of the entire closing of public-houses on Sundays? Are you in favour of the Licensing Boards Bill introduced by Mr. J. Cowen? Are you in favour of the Gothenburg system of licensing? Are you in favour of the Permissive Bill, and, if not, will you vote against it? Are you in favour of allowing magistrates the discretion of granting or refusing grocers' licenses, as in the case of licensed victuallers' licenses?"

The replies received from Mr. Walker were considered to be most satisfactory. This gentleman, in fact, with the exception of being willing to consider the advisability of shortening the hours on Sunday, said everything that the most ardent drink advocate could expect a candidate to say, and the result is that an alliance between the Church and drink interests has once more been ratified, and that the Tory candidate for Salford elects to stand or fall, as Mr. F. S. Powell did in Manchester, on the maintenance of facilities for intoxication. We are not at all sorry for this, being of opinion that the power of the drink interest is very much overrated, and that it cannot, as it used to boast, turn an election here or there, or upset this or that administration. We should be very sorry to see the publicans ranged on the side of Mr. Kay, not only on moral grounds, but because there is reason to believe that the teetotal and temperance vote is quite strong enough to balance it, and the majority which is already assured for the Liberal candidate would, we think, not have been increased much by pandering to the keepers of grog-shops. Ever since, however, the Tories became aware that Mr. Kay had refused to do this, and that the grog-sellers would support the Church and Constitution, they have shown some elation. It is very poor ground for congratulation, as the result will show. In the first place, the day of the licensed victuallers is fast departing. Public opinion is hounding them down, and they know it, and society is ranging itself against them. Disestablishment and disendowment are as surely coming on the drink-sellers as they are upon the Established Church; and the Party which in its despair takes up this falling cause of iniquity, and says, "Vote for me, it is your only chance," must be by inference a falling party. The Tories say, with about as much truth as usually underlies Tory sneers, that the existence of the National Church is the issue on which the Salford election is to be fought. Even taking this to mean that disestablishment is the crucial political question which the Tories would make it for their own purposes, and admitting, for the sake of argument, the whole accusation, the Liberal party will not suffer much by the taunt. What, however, is to be said of those who with Holy Church on their lips deliberately ally themselves with what, without intending to be abusive, we may call the worst defilement of modern civilisation? Tory journals may talk about "the grimy paw of Liberationism" as much as they please; the phrase, though nasty, is after all but a meaningless and pointless bit of scurrility, but we should like to hear from them, as well, some justification of their alliance with the grog-sellers. Is the Tory candidate aware that all

thinking men regard the authorised sale of intoxicants as a great curse to this country? Is he aware of the misery, the crime, the disease which this traffic propagates in our midst? Probably he is, and yet he will have no legislation on the subject, and no restrictions, except that being a Churchman, and having a good cellar of his own, he would like to shorten the hours of drinking on Sunday. This it is to be a staunch friend of the Church! This it is to uphold our glorious Constitution! And this is the candidate for whom the suffrages are asked of the burgesses of Salford. The publicans, and those interested in the sale of grog, will vote for Walker almost to a man; but if he is returned it will be in spite of their aid, and he will be returned—to Bury.

## DIALOGUES OF TO-MORROW.

## I.

*Liberal.* I say, old man, who's your hatter?

*Conservative.* What do you mean?

*Liberal.* Only that we might as well settle that little bet.

## II.

*First Conservative.* Well, Salford has disgraced itself; that's all I can say.

*Second Conservative.* The character of the borough is completely gone.

*Third Conservative.* Never had any, that I know of.

## III.

*First Liberal.* Capital fight, wasn't it?

*Second Liberal.* Never was a doubt about the result.

## IV.

*First Licensed Victualler.* Now, after this, I begin to think the Constitution is going to the dogs.

*Second Licensed Victualler.* And the Church will go next, mark my words.

*First Licensed Victualler.* It's awful; these Radicals will destroy everything.

*Second Licensed Victualler.* And what's worst of all, our trade will be ruined with all this nonsense about drunkenness.

*First Licensed Victualler.* All gammon! How would the Church and State go on without us?

## SERMONS IN VEGETABLES.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

## THE LEEK.

THIS vegetable affords an instance of the immortality which the genius of one man is able to confer on the humblest objects. It is a lowly herb which grows wild in many places, and has a nasty smell. It is also cultivated in some gardens, and is used to flavour stews and made dishes. It is mentioned in the Bible as one of the things which the Children of Israel longed after when they came out of Egypt. I am not quite sure whether the Egyptians worshipped it or not. It is eaten raw in salads in England by those who like it; and Welshmen wear it in their hats on St. David's Day, and cherish it as their symbol. Now, why they should do this, I do not know. The origin of the custom, let us say, is lost in antiquity; that is a convenient phrase, and has done good service to many writers, ancient and modern. All these circumstances, however, would not have served, put together, to give immortality to this vegetable. The leek, it is true, which Welshmen wear in their hats, and Englishmen eat with hunger in company with other green stuff, is perennial; but so are lots of things, so is the green herbage which the donkey crops on the bank. It was the metaphorical leek—the leek that men and women are swallowing every day against their will—that was immortalised by Shakspeare. Now, perhaps, you see what I am driving at. Which of us has not eaten his leek under compulsion some time or other? I would not

give a fig for a man who has not, for he would have no experience of life. And now for the application, for this shall be a short sermon. To be ready to eat your leek, and to gulp it down with a pleased expression of countenance, is one of the best secrets of good living; and this is no empty philosophic maxim, which I preach and am not ready to put into practice. I am ready to eat my leek on all occasions, and so are all the contributors of the *Jackdaw*; and the leek which we are ready to eat next week, if so be that it is forced upon us, is a Tory leek, and we are all ready to gulp it down with a sweet smile, and swear that it is the most delicious of comestibles. The Old Fogie, who has made a rash bet, of which he already repents,\* is ready to eat the leek† which is displayed so bumpously in the hat of his opponent, that is if necessity demands the dreadful sacrifice. Being ready, however, to perform this duty we are not despondent, and are not as a rule given to making challenges without sufficient cause and justification, and so ends this sermon. Next week, if the Tories are in a position to flourish their leek, we are pledged to swallow it every bit.

\* This gentleman has exercised his privilege of looking over the proofs, and repels the insinuation with scorn. He says he does not repent.—Ed.  
† There is no fear of that.—O. F.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## COURTING PER ADVERTISEMENT.

WE have received the following from a lady anent some verses which our poet discovered, and commented on, in the matrimonial department of the *Examiner and Times*, which verses, we notice, still appear occasionally. We have handed the communication to our poet, who does not think very highly of the verses, but such as they are we publish them.

Fallowfield, April 17th, 1877.

To the Editor of the "*Jackdaw*."

Sir,—As you have instructed us women how to reply to a monkey, "not a man," will you kindly insert the enclosed for "Squire's" benefit in your next publication.—Yours truly,

M. E. G.

In the Book which is given us to guide our life,  
We find described a model wife;  
But she certainly did not hold her tongue,  
But spoke wisdom and kindness all day long.  
Read Proverbs, last chapter, you'll plainly see  
What a prudent, virtuous wife should be;  
But as "Squire" only wishes to hear his own voice,  
Let a deaf and dumb woman be his choice;  
She will not be pained by her husband's twaddle,  
Nor told in his cross moods her tongue to "bridle,"  
Though she would be better than he would deserve,  
As he cannot write one sensible word.

M. E. G.

## PACKMEN.

WE have been asked to publish the following vindication of these tradesmen, which it is needless to say we do not endorse. There are, however, at least two sides to every question, and ever so many views of one subject taken by different individuals:—

To the Editor of the "*City Jackdaw*."

Sir,—As a constant reader of the *City Jackdaw*, I read an article which I think bears rather too harshly upon a body of men who, as a rule, do not deserve such strictures, and I ask, as a favour, that you will find space for these few lines on their behalf. I do not belong to the fraternity myself, so consequently shall gain nothing by speaking a good word for them. I have lived in a good many towns—north, east, south, and west—and have had occasion to trade with these credit drapers, and in all my dealings with them have always found them straightforward in their transactions. It is not a fact that they sell inferior articles—whatever has been supplied

to me has always been of the first quality. As to their prices, as they have to wait for their money for some time of course they charge more than a ready-money dealer. It is just the same as dealing with a first-class tradesman in St. Ann's Square or King Street. If you have credit you must pay a trifle more. The dealings of some of our first-class tradesmen will not bear too close an investigation. A certain tailor in this town (who shall be nameless) sold his accounts to an agent or collector in Manchester, and I paid my balance to him three years ago. Now, this first-class tradesman sold his debts over again to an accountant in London, and I was requested to pay my bill a second time, but of course I soon sent him and his accountant to the right about. In conclusion, I have to corroborate what Mr. Falconer says about these "Scotch wolves" lending a helping hand to the poor in their distress, for two or three cases of the kind have come under my own personal observation. I grant there may be a few unprincipled men amongst this large community, but this is no reason why the whole body should be stigmatised. You know the old adage—"Give a dog a bad name," etc. I enclose my card, and remain, yours obediently,

B.

Manchester, 16th April, 1877.

## THE THEATRES.

THE most noteworthy thing to be seen at either of the theatres this week is a picture or sketch, entitled "*Sardanapalus as Mr. Calvert*." It is exhibited on the left-hand side of the staircase leading to the circle, at the Prince's. No extra charge is made for the inspection of this work of art, the idea of which is not novel, although the execution is capital, and shows considerable humour. This portrait inspected, the visitor can pass on to be bored by Mr. Wills's play of "*Jane Shore*," a production of which, apart from its wearisome nature, little is to be said. The drama is ambitiously compiled, and evidently after the Shaksperian model, but the method is chiefly apparent on account of its absurd and pompous failure. The versification is for the most part slipshod, and the sentiment mawkish. Moreover, the moral teaching of the play is by no means good, and historical events are treated in a free-and-easy manner, which is unpardonable when the result of the liberties taken is so feeble. Miss Heath is an actress of the modern picturesque school, using the proper periods in her intonation, and clasping her hands, shuddering, and falling at the moment proper for these pieces of stage artifice. She is, in fact, a finished pupil of Mr. Ryder, and it is impossible throughout the play to forget the circumstance. It is scarcely necessary to say more about Miss Heath's performance, and we leave the reader to elaborate praise of blame, according to fancy, out of what we have said. With regard to the rest of the company, Mr. Wilson Barrett, though giving a subdued imitation of Irving in voice and gesture, acts well as Grist; while Mr. Walter Speakman, on the other hand, apes Barry Sullivan in a satisfactory manner as the Duke of Gloucester. This vice of imitating the peculiarities of living actors is infesting the modern stage more and more, and becoming a nuisance. Most of us who practice the liberal arts nowadays, actors and writers included, must be imitators, but we might at least take the trouble to go far enough back to get good models for imitation. As far as we are aware, there is no living actor or writer whose style is worth the imitation. We shall have Barry Sullivan himself next week, and probably Irving soon after, so that these imitations are doubly nauseous. The play is put on the stage in an admirable manner. The chapel scene in the third act is an exquisite set, and the street scene with the snow is quite the perfection of what realistic scenery should be.

We have not been to the Royal to see "*Sardanapalus*" any more, but we learn that the show has not been so extensively patronised as we hoped it would have been. The fact is that the revival and spectacle business has been rather overdone in Manchester.

The Queen's is doing good business with "*After Dark*," a well-known sensation piece, acted by the members of the stock company.

**WORMALD'S Celebrated Gout & Rheumatic Mixture.**—For rheumatism and rheumatic gout, sciatica, neuralgia, tic doloureux, pains in the face and head gives quick relief in the most violent cases, and speedily effects a cure. In bottles, 15d. and 3s. 9d., from most chemists, or from the Proprietor, Shudehill.



## SALFORD SPEAKS!

**D**URING the past week, while all sorts of Conservatives have been spouting in Salford about the successful diplomacy of the British Government, and their efforts in favour of peace, this country has surely been drifting towards an unrighteous war. Not only that, but the war which our Government wished to prevent between two other countries may be said to have already begun. It is not, of course, the fault of the Tories that their ranks do not contain men of the calibre of Gladstone, Granville, and Bright. They have put probably the best men they have at the head of affairs, and the result is the lamentable one which we know. When Tory spouters defend Lords Derby and Beaconsfield at all hazards, and talk about "defending the honour and interests of this great country," their words, read by the light of current events, mean simply that, sooner than own to failure and incapacity, the present Government are prepared to enter into a fresh course of blundering and folly—we had almost said crime. It is quite possible, however, for the strongest administration—strongest, that is, in the way of Parliamentary support—to miscalculate the patience of the Country. The signs of the times show clearly that at no far distant period the Ministry will be led by the force of their own faltering to take some important step in foreign politics, by which not only English ministers, but England herself will be pledged. There is scarcely an instance of our Parliamentary history of the country being pledged to a decisive course in dealing with other nations without an appeal being made to itself first. An appeal may be made as it is being made in Salford, and as it has been made in neighbouring boroughs, through the ordinary channels by which the House is from time to time recruited. If these appeals fail there is no course open to any cabinet but a general election. There is every reason to believe that Salford will confirm to-day the decision of Oldham and Halifax; but in any case the probability should be borne in mind that Salford will have another chance of speaking soon, and of uttering its protest against heartlessness and incapacity as represented by a Tory Administration.

## DEBAUCHED MANCHESTER!

**T**HE Select Committee of the House of Lords on Temperance has, among other things, been sitting upon Manchester. One or two extracts from the report, just published, will be interesting.

"The Chairman (Duke of Westminster): I have been told that if a man in Manchester meets a woman in the street and asks her which is the way to so and so, and she tells him, she immediately asks him to treat her at the nearest public-house, is that all within your knowledge?"

It is greatly to be feared that some one must have been gulling the noble Duke. Perhaps the same "somebody" who told the readers of the *Graphic* that Mr. Edwin Simpson was "a fearless and competent dramatic critic," and who told the Bishop of Manchester about the harpies at London Road Station. This illustrious member of the Committee must have had some such scene as the following in his mind's eye:—

SCENE.—A Manchester Street.

Gentleman [addressing lady]. I beg your pardon, madam, but I see no policeman about. Could you direct me to the City Jackdaw office? I am a stranger in this city.

Lady. Pray, do not mention it, sir; I am going that way, and will show you with pleasure.

Gentleman [conversing on the way]. It is very bad weather, is it not?

Lady. It is. I hope it will soon improve.

Gentleman. So do I. Is the weather always like this in Manchester?

Lady. Not always; but we have a good deal of it, and get used to it.

They arrive at the "Jackdaw" office.

Lady. That, sir, is the Jackdaw office. I have noticed the bills on the window from the omnibus in the street below.

Gentleman. Madam, I am very much obliged by your politeness, and the trouble you have taken.

Lady. Not at all. Let's go round the corner before we part, and have a go of gin.

Collapse of gentleman, who goes home meditating a letter to his friend the Duke of Westminster.

We can account in no other way but the jocular for the accusation made against Manchester. There are in all towns, large and small, a certain class of ladies who are not above accepting refreshment from the hands of the other sex; but Manchester is not, as far as we know, worse off in this respect than other towns.

The next extract is, we fear, more accurate. It is the reply of Mr. J. A. Bremner to the question of the Duke:—

"Witness replied that there was an endless amount of treating in Manchester. Very little business was done among a certain class of people without a treating glass. There was a growing feeling in favour of opening libraries and museums on Sundays. He would give the inhabitants some option as to increase of licenses, but not at present the power of decreasing or destroying licenses."

With regard to the first line or two, let he that is without sin amongst us cast the first stone, in which case there would not be any large amount of lapidation. It is a fact, this mixing up of business with Alcohol, and Manchester must plead guilty; whether she is worse than other towns is another question. The whole report from which the extracts given above are taken is worth careful study, though it is in places somewhat dry reading.

## FIFTY POUNDS REWARD!

## NOTICE.

THE EDITOR OF THE "JACKDAW" WILL PAY

## FIFTY POUNDS

To every Elector of Salford recording his vote in favour of

MR. KAY, Q.C.,

On production of satisfactory proof to that effect.

Applications for the reward, with proofs, to be sent in at any time after the close of the poll.

SCARCELY any one has had time to remark how very quiet the ladies have kept during the present election—we mean to the ladies who go in for women's rights, and so on. How can this be explained? The ladies are not usually backward in coming forward.

A FRIEND, in the shape of a correspondent, writes to call our attention to what he calls a coincidence—namely, that the inhabitants of the Flowery Land are nearly all Buddhists. This author has evidently been studying Confucius.

THE "Absurd Angler" has had to give way this week. He will reappear in good form in our next issue.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

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